ſtand by too, and ſuffer every Knave to uſe mee at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have beene out: I warrant you I dare draw as ſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion, in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now afore God I am ſo vext, that every part about mee quivers: ſcurvie Knave: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out: what ſhe bid mee ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if yee ſhould leade her in a Fooles Paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kinde of behaviour, as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt unto thee.

Nurſe. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke mee.

Nur. I will tell her ſir that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo. Bid her deviſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be ſhrived and married: here is for thy paines.

Nurſe. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Goe too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoone ſir, well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall:
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackling ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy,
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell, be truſty, and Ile quite thy paines.
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Now God in Heaven bleſſe thee: harke you ſir.

Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne're here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away?

Rom. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nurſe. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble-man in Towne, one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboord, but ſhe good ſoule had as lieve ſee a Toade, a very Toade as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the prope-rer man: but Ile warrant you when I ſay ſo ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker, that's the dogges name, R. is for the no. I know it beginnes with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pret-tieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lody.

Nurſe. I a thouſand times. *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nurſ. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Juliet.

Ju. The clock ſtrook nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promis'd to returne:
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him; that's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loves Heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides than the ſuns beames,
Driving backe ſhadowes over lowring hills:
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doves draw love,
And therefore hath the winde-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſunne upon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come:
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball.